

# The Nurse

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1907









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# THE MUSE

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The Year-book of the Students of St. Mary's School,  
Raleigh, N. C.

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Volume IX.

1906-07.

Published by the Senior Class.

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To  
**Miss Lizzie Hinton Lee**

Honorary Member of the  
Class of 1907

willing adviser—prudent counselor—steadfast friend  
this volume of the *Muse* is affectionately  
dedicated by the Editors



"She was a friend indeed,  
With all a friend's best virtues shining bright;  
It was no broken reed  
You leaned on, when you trusted to her might."





MISS LIZZIE HINTON LEE.



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"My very noble and approved good masters."

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THE REVEREND MCNEELY DUBOSE,

Fourth Rector of St. Mary's School, 1903-1907

"In doctrine incorrupt; in language plain, and plain in manner;  
Decent, solemn, chaste, and natural in gesture;  
Much impressed himself as conscious of his awful charge,  
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds may feel it too."



MRS. MCNEELY DUBOSE,  
School Mother, St. Mary's, 1903-1907

"Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile,  
And with her whole heart's welcome in her smile."

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## The Faculty and Officers

1906-07

REV. MCNEELY DuBOSE, B.S., B.D. (Sewanee),	Rector.
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ELEANOR WALTER THOMAS,	English.
College for Women (S. C.)—A.M., '00; Columbia University—graduate student, '05. Tutor, College for Women, 1897-1900; instructor in Mathematics, St. Mary's, 1900; in English, 1901-04; instructor in English, Greenville (S. C.) College, 1904; instructor in English, St. Mary's, since 1905. Faculty Director of the Literary Societies. Home address: Columbia, S. C.	
WILLIAM ENOS STONE,	History and Philosophy.
Harvard—A.B.; Principal Edenton (N. C.) Academy, 1902; instructor in Porter Academy, Charleston, 1903; instructor in English, St. Mary's, 1904; in History, etc., since 1906. Home address: Greensboro, N. C.	
ELIZA A. POOL,	French.
Educated in Sauveur School of Languages, Portland School of Languages, University of Geneva and the Sorbonne, Paris. Teacher at Oxford Seminary; for fifteen years teacher in the Raleigh city schools—Principal Wiley School, Assistant in the High School; instructor in French, St. Mary's, 1907. Home address: Raleigh.	



MR. STONE.



MISS THOMAS.



MISS POOL.



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ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, . . . . . Latin.

Washington College (Md.)—A.B., '97, A.M., '98; Johns Hopkins University—graduate student, '01. Instructor in Latin and Mathematics, Shenandoah Collegiate Institute (Va.), 1902-03; instructor in Science, St. Mary's, 1904-06; in Latin, 1904-07. Secretary, 1905-07; Librarian, 1906-07. Faculty Director of THE MUSE. Home address: Baltimore, Md.

ADA B. SMITH, . . . . . Mathematics.

Randolph-Macon Woman's College—A.B., '04; instructor in Mathematics, The Misses Thomas' School, Memphis, '05-06; instructor in Mathematics, St. Mary's, 1907. Faculty Director of Athletics. Home address: Ravenwood, W. Va.

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Educated at Peabody Normal College, University of Cincinnati, and the University of Berlin. Teacher at Ward Seminary, etc. Teacher St. Mary's, Sept., 1906-Feb., 1907. Home: McMinnville, Tenn. Deceased, Feb. 22, 1907.

ELIZA RICHARDS BROWN, . . . . . German and Science.

St. Mary's—Valedictorian, 1904; Trinity College, Durham—A.B., '06. Instructor in St. Mary's since February, 1907. Home address: Raleigh.

MARY ELIZA SPANN, . . . . . Preparatory Branches.

Graduate Peabody Normal College. Extensive teaching experience. Assistant in the Preparatory School, St. Mary's, since 1907.

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St. Mary's, student and teacher since 1861. Secretary of the Alumnae Association. Home address: Raleigh.

YANITA CRIBBS, . . . . . Expression and Physical Culture.



### The Art School

CLARA I. FENNER, . . . . . Director.

Graduate of Maryland Institute, School of Art and Design; special student, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. Teacher of Art, St. Mary's, 1896; private teaching, Baltimore, 1899; Director of Art Department, St. Mary's since 1902. Home address: Baltimore, Md.

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## The Music School

ALMON W. VINCENT, DIRECTOR, . . . Piano, Harmony, Chorus Work.

Pupil of Stephen Emery, B. J. Lang, Geo. Whiting, Weidenbach, Jadasohn, and Reinecke; two years at New England Conservatory; Gold Medallist at College of Music, Cincinnati; graduate Royal Conservatory, Leipzig. Seven years professor and member of the Board of Examiners at the Cincinnati College of Music; three years Director of Mt. Allison Conservatory, Canada; Director of Music at National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C., and Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa. Organist and Choir Master Central Christian Church and Church of the Advent, Cincinnati; St. Catharine's Church, New York. Conductor of "The Choristers." Director St. Mary's, 1907— Summer home: Lake Maranacook, Maine.

MARTHA A. DOWD, . . . Piano.

Graduate St. Mary's, 1884. Pupil of Kursteiner, Sophus Wiig. Teacher of Piano, St. Mary's, since 1886. Home address: West Raleigh, N. C.

CHELIAN H. PIXLEY, . . . Piano.

Pupil of E. C. Schutt; Certificate Teacher Virgil Clavier Method; Pupil in Paris of Moszkowski. Teacher in Piano, St. Mary's, since 1903.

CHARLOTTE KENDALL HULL, . Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, History, Music.

Graduate Chicago Musical College; pupil in Paris of Viardot; Teacher of Violin, etc., and Director of the Orchestra, St. Mary's, since 1903. Director of the Glee Club. Home address: Ottawa, Ill.

MRS. JESSAMINE HARRISON-IRVINE, . . . Piano.

Pupil of Carols Sobrino, London; Leopold Godowsky, Berlin, and Rafael Joseffy, New York; interpretator with Rive-King and McDowell; harmony with Spicker and Houseley. Home address: Denver, Col.

MRS. MARIE AGNES VINCENT, . . . Voice Culture.

Student of Voice and Piano, Cincinnati College of Music; pupil of Tecla Vigna, Lino Mattiolo, Emilio Belari, and of Sbriglia, Paris. Teacher at Mt. Allison Conservatory, Canada, and at National Park Seminary, Washington; head of Voice Department, Westminster College, Pa., and at St. Mary's since 1907. Home address: Lake Maranacook, Maine.



MISS DOWD.



MRS. VINCENT.



MR. VINCENT.



MISS HULL.



MISS FENNER.





MISS LEE.



MISS SUTTON.



MISS WALTON.



MRS. TURNER.

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YANITA CRIBBS, . . . . . Director.

Graduate Tuscaloosa College; special student Expression, University of Alabama. Instructor Tuscaloosa College and Asheville Seminary. Teacher of Expression, etc., St. Mary's, since 1906. Instructor of Physical Culture. Director of the Dramatic Club. Home address: Tuscaloosa, Ala.



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LIZZIE HINTON LEE, . . . . . Principal.

Established the Business Department, and since 1897 its Principal.  
Home address: Raleigh.

JULIET B. SUTTON, . . . . . Assistant.

St. Mary's Academic Department and Business School. Since 1901  
Assistant in the Business Department. Home address: Raleigh.



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Pupil of St. Mary's under first Rector. In charge of the Infirmary since  
1902. Home address: Morganton, N. C.

MRS. K. M. TURNER, . . . . . Housekeeper.

In charge since September, 1906. Home address: Tuscaloosa, Ala.

MRS. MARY E. IREDELL, . . . . . Visitor.



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MISS LEE, . . . . . Bookkeeper.

MISS SUTTON, . . . . . Stenographer.

MISS MARY J. SPRUILL, Assistant in the Library, Inspector of Practice.

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  { MRS. I. McK. PITTENGER, Raleigh.  
  { MRS. F. P. TUCKER, Raleigh.  
  { MRS. KATE DE R. MEARES, Wilmington.  
Secretary-Treasurer, . . . . . MISS KATE MCKIMMON, St. Mary's.

ORGANIZED: May, 1882.

### Work

Rebuilding and enlarging St. Mary's Chapel. Completed, 1904.  
Foundation Smedes Memorial Scholarship. Established 1903.



MRS. MARY IREDELL,  
PRESIDENT OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION. LIFE-LONG WORKER FOR ST.  
MARY'S.

(Educated at St. Mary's under the elder Dr. Smedes, and later a valued teacher throughout his administration and that of Dr. Bennett Smedes; Agent of the Trustees and Visitor for the School during the administrations of Dr. Bratton and Mr. DuBose.)





*The Wisdom Plant.*





## The Class of 1907

COLOR: White and Gold.

FLOWER: Daisy.

MOTTO: Tenax propositi.

### Officers

BEATRICE BOLLMAN COHEN, . . . President.

EMILY JORDAN CARRISON, . . Vice-President

LOUISE HILL, . . . . Secretary-Treasurer.

HEBER CORINNE BIRDSONG, . . . . Historian.

HELEN BALL, . . . . . Poet.

LOUISE HILL, . . . . . Prophet.

### Roll

HELEN BALL.

HEBER CORINNE BIRDSONG.

EMILY JORDAN CARRISON.

BEATRICE BOLLMANN COHEN.

LILLIAN HAUSER FARMER.

LOUISE HILL.

ALICE MCCULLERS.

SUE BRENT PRINCE.

MARY JAMES SPRUILL.

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HELEN BALL,

Raleigh, N. C.

JUNIOR YEAR.

E A II Literary Society.

SENIOR YEAR.

E A II Literary Society.

Class Poet.

Literary Editor Annual *Muse*.

*Muse* Club.

This is Helen, who amid our pleasant scenes,  
Found much joy in writing poetry, in her teens.

Her gentle spirit rolls

"In the harmony of souls."

(She alone, I fear, can tell you what this  
means.)





This senior seems a saint, but, oh  
Pray do not let her fool you so—  
Fond sentiment doth in her glow—  
If aught be worse, we'd like to know.

HEBER BIRDSONG,

Raleigh, N. C.

JUNIOR YEAR.

E A II Literary Society.

SENIOR YEAR.

E A II Literary Society.

Class Historian.

Art Editor Annual *Muse*.

*Muse* Club.





EMILY JORDAN CARRISON, Φ M

Camden, S. C.

JUNIOR YEAR.

Vice-President of Class.  
Treasurer Σ Δ Literary Society.  
Pres. St. Etheldreda's Chapter.  
Altar Guild.  
Tennis Club.  
South Carolina Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

Vice-President of Class.  
Secretary Sigma Lambda.  
Sec. St. Catharine's Chapter.  
President Altar Guild.  
Pres. South Carolina Club.  
Business Manager Annual *Muse*.  
*Muse* Club.  
Dramatic Club.  
Tennis Club.  
Chapel Usher.  
F. C. F. C.

Clever Emily here you see,  
Her languages, they number three,  
She has an overflowing store  
Of every sort and kind of lore.  
And yet tho' such a learned lass  
This one mild judgment must we pass—  
That like "the mule" she wants her way,  
And true to sex, will have her say.





BEATRICE BOLLMANN COHEN,  
Florence, S. C.

JUNIOR YEAR.

Σ A Literary Society.  
South Carolina Club.  
Tennis Club.  
St. Etheldreda's Chapter.

SENIOR YEAR.

President of Class.  
Σ A Literary Society.  
Literary Editor Annual *Muse*.  
*Muse* Club.  
South Carolina Club.  
Dramatic Club.  
St. Catharine's Chapter.

She was not naturally bad  
Or viciously inclined,  
But from her youth she had a very  
Waggish turn of mind.  
The teachers sometimes grimly scowled  
With indignation wild,  
The teachers sometimes gruffly growled,  
But Bee still calmly smiled.







LILLIAN HAUSER FARMER, Φ M  
Florence, S. C.

JUNIOR YEAR.

Class President.  
Critic E A II Society.  
Inter-Society Debater.  
Junior Representative *Muse* Staff.  
Treasurer Altar Guild.  
St. Catharine's Chapter.  
Tennis Club.  
South Carolina Club.  
Winner Niles Medal.

SENIOR YEAR.

President E A II Literary Society.  
Editor-in-Chief Annual *Muse*.  
Inter-Society Debater.  
Sec.-Treas. South Carolina Club.  
*Muse* Club.  
Altar Guild.  
St. Catharine's Chapter.  
Chapel Usher.  
Tennis Club.  
F. C. F. C.

Little Lillian as "Ed."  
Calls down jokes upon her head,  
But she somehow doesn't care  
To have them published anywhere;  
And she merely smiles at "quizzers,"  
Saying sternly, "Bring my scissors."









LOUISE HILL, A K Ψ      Lexington, N. C.

JUNIOR YEAR.

Teller E A II Literary Society.  
Treasurer St. Catharine's Chapter.  
W. M. T. E.

SENIOR YEAR.

Critic E A II Literary Society.  
Inter-Society Debater.  
Secretary-Treasurer of Class.  
Class Prophet.  
*Muse* Club.  
Literary Editor Annual *Muse*.  
President St. Catharine's Chapter.  
Altar Guild.  
F. C. F. C.

In Senior Hall she reigned supreme  
Possessing each girl's cherished dream—  
Much lovely hair—and what is more  
'Twas not procured at any store.





Here's a striking combination  
 To arouse our admiration,  
 For Alice is a wit,  
 (And can sew as well and knit. For she's  
 Domestically inclined,)  
 Despite her poet's mind.  
 What a pleasure it must be  
 To be talented as she!

ALICE MCCULLERS, McCullers, N. C.

JUNIOR YEAR.

E A II Literary Society.  
 Altar Guild.  
 Tennis Club.  
 Basket-Ball Team.

SENIOR YEAR.

E A II Literary Society.  
 Art Editor Annual *Muse*.  
 Tennis Club.  
*Muse* Club.  
 Altar Guild.  
 St. Catharine's Chapter.  
 T. R. N.





SUE BRENT PRINCE, K Δ

Wilmington, N. C.

JUNIOR YEAR.

Vice-President Σ A Literary Society.

Basket-Ball Team.

Tennis Club.

Glee Club.

T. T. G. G.

St. Elizabeth's Chapter.

SENIOR YEAR.

President Σ A Literary Society.

President Dramatic Club.

Basket-Ball Team.

Tennis Club.

Glee Club.

Art Editor Annual *Muse*.

*Muse* Club.

H. S.

Thus doth the little maid at school  
Improve each shining hour,  
By strumming on her mandolin  
With all her might and power.





MARY JAMES SPRUILL, Littleton, N. C.

JUNIOR YEAR.

Σ A Literary Society.  
St. Anne's Chapter.  
Altar Guild.  
Basket-Ball Team.  
Tennis Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

Σ A Literary Society.  
St. Catharine's Chapter.  
Altar Guild.  
Literary Editor Annual *Muse*.  
*Muse* Club.

Mary J. loves quiet so,  
That she whose words are wont to flow  
When she sees Mary quickly flees,  
For fear of Mary's: "Quiet, please."





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## Class History

ON A BRIGHT and sunny morning in September, 1903, twenty lively girls started their careers as Freshmen at St. Mary's School. How homesick all of us were, but soon having become acquainted with the teachers, the girls, and the different school buildings, we no longer felt at all out of place. Of course, at first, we were rather "green," and on several occasions we did not fail to show it, but remembering our motto, "Tenax Propositi," we did not become discouraged.

Fourteen of us happily returned to school as Sophomores. How glad we were to get back to the old place, to see once again our school-mates from whom we seemed to have been so long separated; yet we missed and longed for the faces of those who had not returned. By mounting slowly, yet firmly, we gained entrance into the Junior Class, with the exception of one of our members—where is she? Echo answers, where?

As a class, numbering only nine in the Senior year, bound together by common love, interest and toil, we have stood together and won our race. Now that the career of the Class of Naughty-Seven is drawing to a close, we realize what separation means, each one going out into the world, taking up perhaps different tasks in life.

We sometimes get into a meditative mood, our thoughts wander over the four years of our lives spent in the buildings, the Grove, and the Chapel, and the question arises, where are our school-mates who started with us in 1903? Some have entered the State of Matrimony, while others have entered into society.

We have come at last to the foot of the Mountain, but prepared, we hope, by our school training, we are now ready and waiting to conquer it. We will ascend to higher ambitions, higher aims, where we will plant the colors of St. Mary's on the topmost point.

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## Class Prophecy

(I was elected class prophet! This thought worried me for weeks and weeks, for, try as I might, I could not discover that I had any natural ability in that line—or any ability at all, if the truth must be told. It was most distressing, for the Editor-in-chief had announced that all matter for the Annual must be handed in by a certain day, and that day was fast approaching. What should I do? I was in despair. I racked my brain but could find no ideas whatever. I wept and wailed, but all to no purpose. The prophecy had to be written, and written at once. Then came the solution.)

One night, as I sat alone in a state of utter misery, I heard a gentle voice at my side. "What is the matter?" it said; "perhaps I can help you." I turned and beheld the tiniest man I ever saw. He was about six inches high and dressed entirely in brown, with a brown pointed cap and brown pointed shoes. I was so amazed I could only stare with mouth and eyes wide open. "May I not help you?" he asked. "Oh, if you only would," said I. "Can you prophesy?" He smiled. "I am prophet to the King of the Brownies, and it is much easier to foretell the fate of mortals than that of Brownies." I was delighted. "I must prophesy the fate of nine girls," I began, "and—" "Just tell me their names," he interrupted eagerly. "Well, there's the President, Beatrice Cohen." "She," he said, "will go to Europe to have her voice thoroughly trained so that when she returns she will be able to sing in church *on a Sunday morning*. She will soon grow tired of singing only once a week, and will go on the stage. There she will make a great hit with the classic song which begins, 'Will you walk a little faster?' said the Whiting to the Snail." Her success in this line will insure her a position for life."

"Helen Ball," he continued, looking over my shoulder at the list of names, "will continue to cultivate her poetical gift, and she will become one of the greatest

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of Southern poets. Engrossed in her work, she will not even think of such a subordinate being as a *man*."

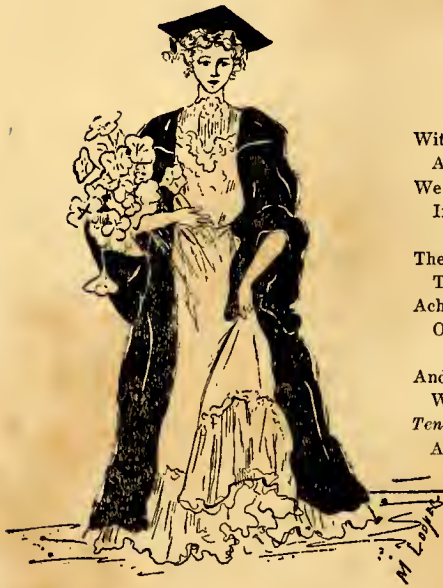
"Heber Birdsong will go to Smith, where she will take a higher course in Mathematics and the degree of Ph.D. But, alas for the cause of education! before she has time to teach, as she had intended, she will turn her attention to the building of a home." Here he paused, looked at the next name with a queer expression, and proceeded: "Emily Carrison, after she has waited long for her prince to come, and has finally given up all hope, will organize the 'Carrison Select School for Girls' in Camden, South Carolina, and will spend the rest of her days teaching her many accomplishments to the girls of her State." "How dreadful," said I, "that her prince should *never* come." "Don't interrupt," he said severely, and I meekly pointed to the next name.

"Lillian Farmer will at first organize a kindergarten, but will soon give it up when she discovers that only in debating is she at her best. As the chief debater for the Consolidation of Women's Clubs she will astonish the world. Her energy and her intellectual power will place her far above ordinary women. She, like Helen, will not subject her power to one whom she would have to 'love, honor and obey.' Alice McCullers wishes to become a musician, but long before she has reached that height she will forget for what she was striving and yield to the pleadings of Johnnie. She will be very happy in her married life and will not regret that she gave up her 'career.'" "I am glad to hear that *one* of the class will be happily married," I remarked. He frowned darkly and resumed:

"Sue Prince, popular, attractive, and a splendid dancer, will be the Society Belle of the class. Money and titles will be laid at her feet, but, though tempted, she will turn away from these things and marry a man who, though he has not much money, has love, kindness, strength, gentleness—in fact, everything to make a woman happy. Mary Spruill, for sometime after she graduates, will be head of the Latin Department of the Blank School, and the high grades of her pupils will be a wonder to the whole school. She has been known to say that she thinks that any girl who would leave her mother to get married is a goose. She will become one of these very same 'geese.'" The Brownie stopped. "And what of me?" I asked timidly. "You," said he solemnly, "will go to a place far from civilization and the haunts of men and there in the backwoods, for the rest of your life and in single blessedness, you will 'teach the young idea how to shoot.'" "Oh," I cried, "must this be?" There was no answer and when I looked around he was gone, and our fates were sealed forever.

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## Class Poem

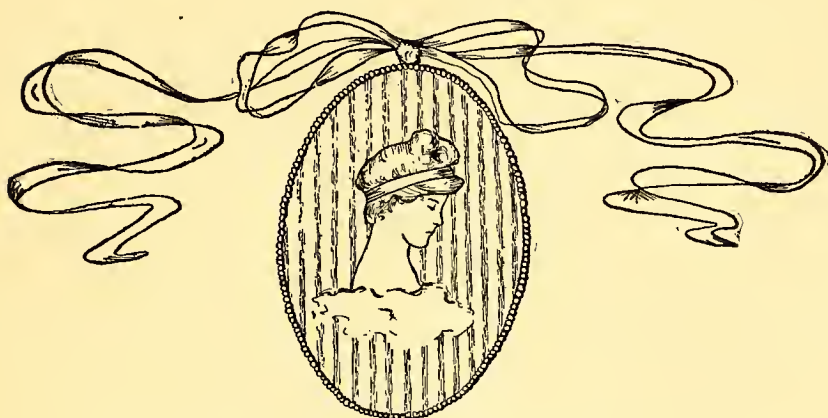
With careful step we climb the height,  
And though the way seems long  
We struggle on, maintain the fight,  
In sunshine and in storm.

The road is rough, and steep, and hard,  
The climbing is not play;  
Achievement is the best reward  
Of effort, day by day.

And now we come to this last day  
When the lessons all are o'er,  
*Tenax propositi* our cry  
As ever heretofore.







## The Certificate Pupils of 1906-07



SERENA COBIA BAILEY,  $\Phi$  M  
English.

Palatka, Fla.





MARGUERITE ASHLEY SHORT, A K Ψ

Lake Waccamaw, N. C.

English.



HELEN STRANGE, A K Ψ

Wilmington, N. C.

English.





## The Class of 1908

COLORS: Black and Gold.

FLOWER: Black-eyed Susan.

MOTTO: Step by step we gain the height.

ELIZABETH WADDILL, . . . . . President.

MARGUERITE LE CRON, . . . . Vice-President.

FRANKIE SELF, . . . . . Sec'y-Treasurer.

### Junior Roll

KATIE COKE.

MARY GRIMES COWPER.

ELLEN DUVAL.

NELLIE FORT.

ISABELLE HANNA.

ELIZABETH WADDILL.

BERTHA HOLMAN.

MARGUERITE LECRON.

FRANKIE SELF.

MARGUERITE THOMPSON.

NELL WILSON.









## The Class of 1909

COLORS: Green and White.

FLOWER: White Carnation.

MOTTO: Esse quam videri.

SALLIE HAYWOOD BATTLE, . . . President.

EVA ROGERSON, . . . . . Vice-President.

PHYLLIS HICKSON, . . . . . Secretary.

GEORGIA HALES, . . . . . Treasurer.

### Sophomore Roll

SALLIE HAYWOOD BATTLE.

MINNIE LEARY.

GRACE DEATON.

JULIA McINTYRE.

GEORGIA HALES.

EVA ROGERSON.

GLADYS HARRIS.

EMILIE SMITH.

PHYLLIS HICKSON.

MARY VANN.

JESSIE JENNINGS.

ETHEL WYNNE.



## The Class of 1910

COLORS: Dark Blue and Gold.

FLOWER: Iris.

MOTTO: En avant.

ANNIE C. WOOD, . . . . . President.

MARY SHUFORD, . . . . . Vice-President.

PAULA HAZARD, . . . . . Secretary.

LULA TALIAFERRO, . . . . . Treasurer.

### Freshman Roll

ALEXANDER, MARY E.

BECKWITH, FLORENCE M.

BOYKIN, META C.

BOYKIN, SARAH

CARRISON, HALLIE

CATES, MAROARET

CLARK, REBECCA CALVERT

DIXON, ELIZABETH

DUBOSE, JANIE PORCHER

FRAZER, INEZ

FRAZIER, CHRISTINE

HAZARD, PAULA E.

HINES, ALICE

MOORE, PATTIE LOUISE

ROGERSON, IDA

SHIELDS, REBE

SHUFORD, MARY C.

SIMPSON, JENNIE

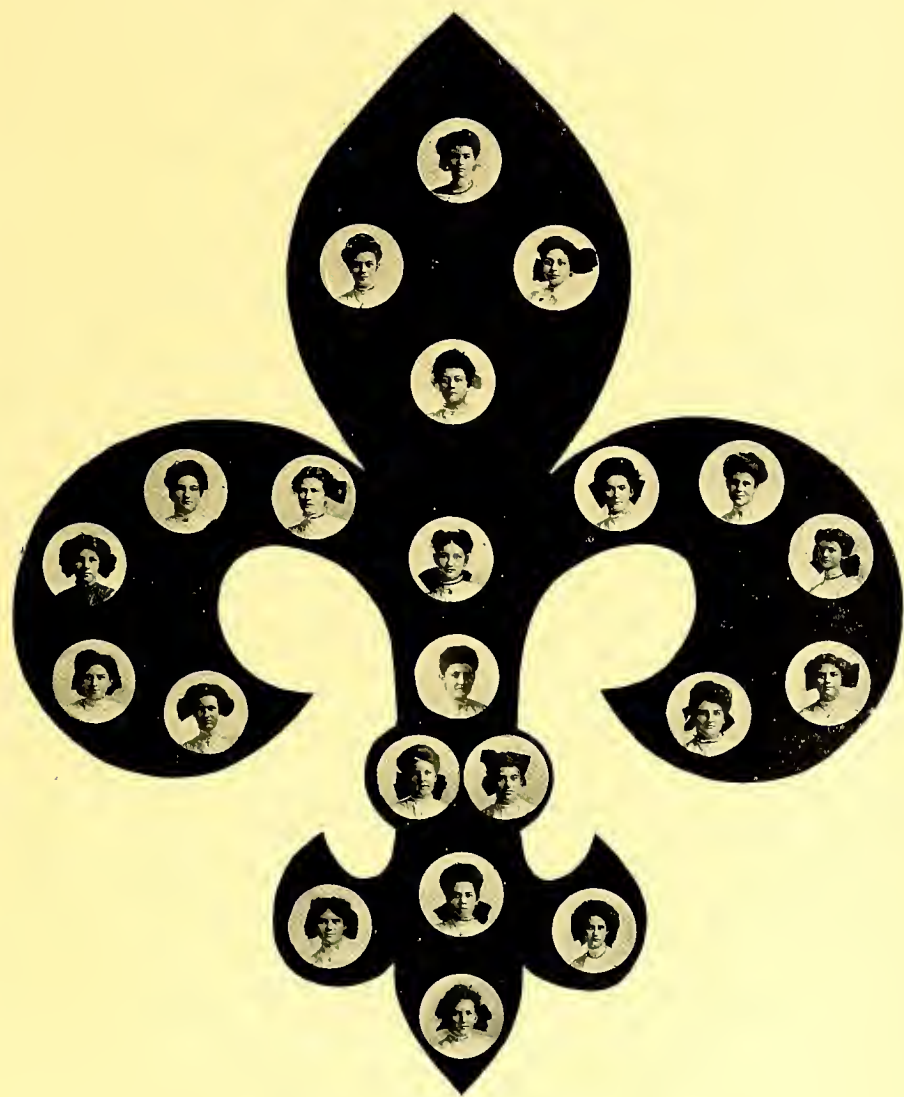
SMITH, IRENE

TURNER, JENNIE BELLE

WILLIAMS, MARGARET

WOOD, ANNIE C.









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## The Literary Societies and the Inter-Society Debates

The SIGMA LAMBDA and the EPSILON ALPHA PI LITERARY SOCIETIES were organized in April, 1900, at the suggestion of Dr. Bratton, then Rector.

In 1902 the first Inter-Society Debate was held, and since then they have been held annually.

1902

"Resolved, That poetry has done more for the development of man than prose."

*Sigma Lambda*: Kate deR. Meares, '03; Mary Henderson, '03; and Lucy Taylor Redwood, '04, Negative,  
defeated *Epsilon Alpha Pi*: Jennie Trapier, '03; Anna Gifford, '04; and Mary Spruill Weeks, '02.

1903.

"Resolved, That man has done more for the world than woman."

*Sigma Lambda*: Mary Henderson, '03; and Kate deR. Meares, '03, Affirmative,  
defeated *Epsilon Alpha Pi*: Ann Gifford, '04; and Helen Davies.

1904.

"Resolved, That the victory of Japan would be more advantageous to the world than that of Russia."

*Epsilon Alpha Pi*: Cornelia Coleman, '04; and Elmer George, Negative,  
defeated *Sigma Lambda*: Anna Clark, '05; and Marjorie Hughson, '04.

1905.

"Resolved, That the indiscriminate education of all classes is productive neither of discontent nor of evil to the individual or society."

*Sigma Lambda*: Anna Clark, '05; and Ellen Gibson, '05,  
defeated *Epsilon Alpha Pi*: Elmer George and Rena Clark, '05.

1906.

"Resolved, That the enormous growth of the modern novel is a disadvantage to education."

*Epsilon Alpha Pi*: Frances E. Woolf, '06; and Lillian Farmer, '07, Negative,  
defeated *Sigma Lambda*: Jane Iredell Green, '06; and Margaret Mackay, '06.

1907.

"Resolved, That the higher education of women makes happier homes."

*Sigma Lambda*: Serena Bailey and Helen Strange, Negative,  
defeated *Epsilon Alpha Pi*: Lillian Farmer, '07; and Louise Hill, '07.

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Inter-Society Debaters.  
1907.





THE SIGMA LAMBDA LITERARY SOCIETY, 1906-07.

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# Sigma Lambda Literary Society

FLOWER: Yellow Jessamine.

COLORS: Purple and Gray.

MOTTO: Lit with the sun.

## Officers, 1906-07

SUE BRENT PRINCE, . . . . . President.  
SARA HAIGH JONES, . . . . Vice-President.  
EMILY JORDAN CARRISON, . . . . Secretary.  
HELEN KATHARINE LIDDELL, . . Treasurer.  
SERENA COBIA BAILEY, . . Corr. Secretary.  
HELEN STRANGE, . . . . . Critic.  
ALICE WITHERSPOON CORBETT, . Historian.  
KATHERINE HENDERSON, } . . . . Tellers.  
ELOISE ROBINSON, }

## Active Members

N. ATKINSON.	C. GREGORY.	J. PRATHER.
F. M. BECKWITH.	M. S. GABBETT.	J. ROSSE.
M. C. BOYKIN.	G. S. HALES.	M. SHUFORD.
S. H. BOYKIN.	I. HANNA.	D. SHERRILL.
S. F. BYNUM.	R. HEATH.	L. M. SHERRILL.
H. C. CARRISON.	A. HINES.	R. H. SHIELDS.
J. M. CHAPMAN.	G. HUFF.	I. A. SMITH.
R. CLARK.	M. W. HUOHES.	M. SHORT.
B. B. COHEN.	B. IVEY.	M. J. SPRUILL.
G. COOPER.	J. B. JENNINGS.	J. H. STILLMAN.
J. S. CREWS.	M. KOINER.	L. TALLIAFERRO.
B. DIXON.	M. LEARY.	M. TEMPLE.
J. P. DuBOSE.	M. LeCHRON.	J. B. TURNER.
A. GENTRY.	A. MOORE.	M. V. THOMPSON.
J. GILMER.	P. L. MOORE.	B. WATTERS.
H. GWYN.	M. I. MORGAN.	M. WIGGINS.
M. GWYNN.	A. MUNNERLYN.	E. W. WILSON.

## Honorary Members

Mr. DuBOSE.	Miss Dowd.	Miss Spann.
Mrs. DuBOSE.	Miss FENNER.	Miss SMITH.
Mr. STONE.	Miss DuBOSE.	Miss BROWN.
Miss PIXLEY.	Miss SUTTON.	Miss THOMAS.
Mr. VINCENT.	Mrs. VINCENT.	Mrs. TURNER.

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## Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society

FLOWER: Wild Rose.

COLORS: Old Rose and Sage.

MOTTO: Where high thoughts are duty.

### Officers, 1906-07

LILLIAN HAUSER FARMER, '07, . . . President.

ELIZABETH TURNER WADDILL, '08, . Vice-Pres.

GRACE WARD, . . . . . Recording Secretary.

SALLIE HAYWOOD BATTLE, '09, Corr. Secretary.

EVA ROGERSON, '09, . . . . . Treasurer.

LOUISE HILL, '07, . . . . . Critic.

FRANKIE SELF, '08, . . . . . Historian.

ANNIE WELLS, '10,

KATE BLACKNALL, '10, } . . . . . Tellers.

PAULA HAZARD, '10,

### Members

HELEN BALL, '07.

HEBER BIRDSNO, '07.

SALLIE H. BATTLE, '09.

KATE BLACKNALL.

ELLEN DUVAL, '08.

LILLIAN H. FARMER, '07.

INEZ FRAZER.

JESSIE PADE HARRIS.

PAULA E. HAZARD, '10.

PHYLLIS HICKSON, '09.

LOUISE HILL, '07.

ALICE MCCULLERS, '07.

JULIA MCINTYRE, '09.

HAZLE MIDDLETON.

EVA ROGEBSO, '09.

FRANKIE SELF, '08.

MARY VANN, '09.

ELIZABETH WADDILL, '08.

GRACE WARD.

ANNIE WELLS

### Honorary Members

MISS LEE.

MISS MCKIMMON.

MISS HULL.

MISS POOL.

BISHOP BRATTON.

MISS WALTON.

MISS CRIBBS.

MRS. IRVINE.

(A student is required to make an average of 90 per cent in scholarship before she becomes eligible to membership in Epsilon Alpha Pi.)



EPSILON ALPHA PI, 1906-07.



ALPHA RHO, 1906-07.



## Alpha Rho Literary Society

COLORS: Purple and Gold.

FOUNDED 1906.

### Officers, 1906-07

MAY HOKE, '11, . . . . . President.  
 CARILE WEAVER, '11, . . . . Vice-President.  
 BESSIE ARTHUR, '11, . . . . . Secretary.  
 MARGARET PENNINGTON, '11, . . . Treasurer.  
 ILA THOMPSON, '11, . . . . . Critic.  
 MATILDA HAUGHTON, '11, . . . . Teller.  
 MISS THOMAS, . . . . . Patron.

### Members

BESSIE ARTHUR.	KATHARINE OVERMAN.
COATSIE BENEDICT.	MARGARET PENNINGTON.
MARY BONNER.	MYRTLE POWELL.
ISABEL BROODEN.	MARY TANKARD.
MAUDE EBERHARDT.	ILA THOMPSON.
MARTHA FEREREE.	CARILE WEAVER.
MATILDA HAUGHTON.	MARY WELLS.
ISABEL HEYWARD.	MABEL WILLIS.
WILHELMINA HARLOW	MAY HOKE.
	RUTH MARDRE.

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## The Color of the Summer Sky

You wonder why I love the blue;  
Climb up on my knee and I'll tell you why,  
And then, Wee One, you'll love it, too,  
The color of the summer sky.

The light of heaven first I knew  
In the radiant light of a mother's eye,  
And her eyes, Wee One, they were of blue,  
The color of the summer sky.

When later I to manhood grew,  
A maid I loved—shall I tell you why?  
My Wee One's mother's eyes are blue,  
The color of the summer sky.

And last this Wee One climbs my knee,  
And longs to know the reason why,—  
I look into her eyes and see—  
The color of the summer sky.

HELEN KATHARINE LIDDELL.



## Longing

Upon my heart a mist of grayness lies,  
Cold, leaden, as the gray of winter skies,  
And life seems only loneliness for me;  
For I am longing for the South—and thee.

A bird sings on a barren branch nearby;  
Its song is but a plaintive, longing cry  
For something that is not, but yet could be,  
Poor heart-sick bird! How much alike are we!

SERENA COBIA BAILEY.

ΑΚΥ. ΓΒΣ. ΚΔ. ΦΜ.



SORORITIES















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# Alpha Kappa Psi

FOUNDED AND CHARTERED AT ST. MARY'S, 1900.

NATIONALIZED 1904.

ALPHA CHAPTER, St. Mary's, Raleigh, N. C.

BETA CHAPTER, Virginia Female Institute, Staunton, Va.

TAU CHAPTER, Fairmont School, Monteagle, Tenn.

DELTA CHAPTER, Wesleyan, Macon, Ga.

## Alpha Chapter

COLORS: Blue and Gold.

FLOWER: Forget-me-not.

## Soror in Facultate

ELEANOR WALTER THOMAS.

## Sorores in Academia

META CANTEY BOYKIN.

SARA HAMILTON BOYKIN.

REBECCA CALVERT CLARK.

ALICE WITHERSPOON CORBETT.

MARGARET ROSALIE DUBOSE.

JANE PORCHER DUBOSE.

ROSA ARRINGTON HEATH.

LOUISE HILL.

SARA HAIGH JONES.

MARGUERITE ASHLEY SHORT.

MARGARET GRAY STEDMAN.

HELEN STRANGE.

ELIZABETH TURNER WADDILL.

ELEANOR RANDOLPH WILSON.

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## Gamma Beta Sigma









ΠΛΟΥΤΟΣ





## Gamma Beta Sigma

FOUNDED 1901.

CHARTERED AND NATIONALIZED 1904.

ALPHA CHAPTER, St. Mary's, Raleigh, N. C.

BETA CHAPTER, Baltimore, Md.

GAMMA CHAPTER, Columbia Institute, Columbia, Tenn.

### Alpha Chapter

FLOWER: Violet.

COLORS: Purple and Gold.

#### Roll

FLORENCE MARIE BECKWITH.

IDA JEAN ROGERSON.

ELIZABETH McDONALD DIXON.

MARY CAMPBELL SHUFORD.

MINNIE LEARY.

JANE HILDEBRAND STILLMAN.

PATTIE LOUISE MOORE.

SARAH PRINCE THOMAS.

ALICE MUNNERLYN.

GRACE MARTIN WARD.

ELOISE ROBINSON.

MARGARET ROBINSON WILLIAMS.

EVA ROGERSON.

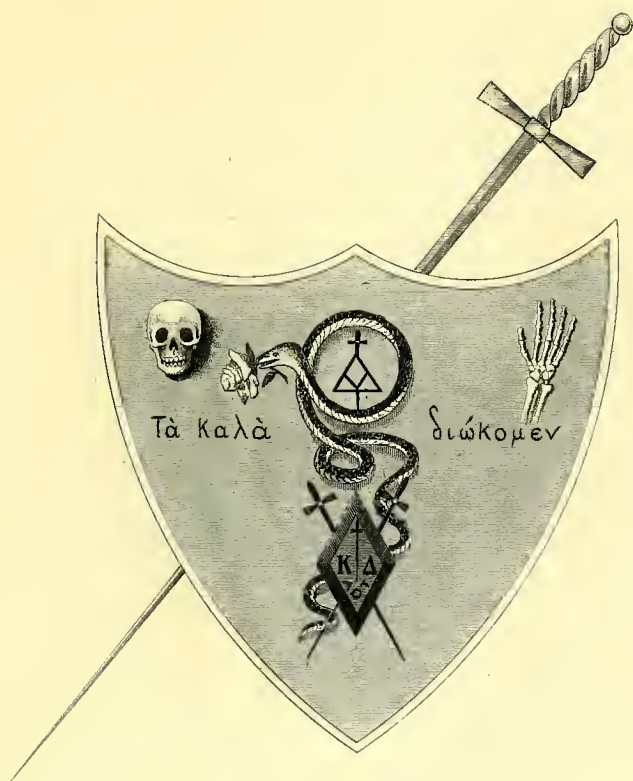
ANNIE CAROLINE WOOD.

MISS LIZZIE HINTON LEE.

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## Kappa Delta











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# Kappa Delta

FOUNDED 1897.

CHARTERED 1902.

## Roll of Chapters

*Alpha*—Virginia State Normal, Farmville, Va.

*Gamma*—Hollins Institute, Hollins, Va.

*Delta*—College for Women, Columbia, S. C.

*Theta*—Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va.

*Sigma*—Gunston Hall, Washington, D. C.

*Phi Psi*—Fairmount Seminary, Washington, D. C.

*Zeta*—University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

*Phi Delta*—St. Mary's, Raleigh, N. C.

*Kappa Alpha*—Florida State College, Tallahassee, Fla.

*Rho Omega Phi*—Judson College, Marion, Ala.

## Phi Delta Chapter

### Sorores in Facultate

CHARLOTTE KENDALL HULL.

YANITA CRIBBS.

### Sorores in Academia

MARY ELEANOR ATKINSON.

MARGUERITE BROWN.

KATHERINE BOYLAN.

MARY SYDNEY GABBETT.

ALLENE CARSON GENTRY.

ANNIE LYMAN GRIMSLEY.

MARIE KOINER.

SUE BRENT PRINCE.

JULIA CONNALLY ROSSER.

ELIZABETH STURGEON.

LULA TUCKER TALIAFERRO.

ANNIE CORDELLE WELLS.

LOUISE BRUCE WRIGHT.

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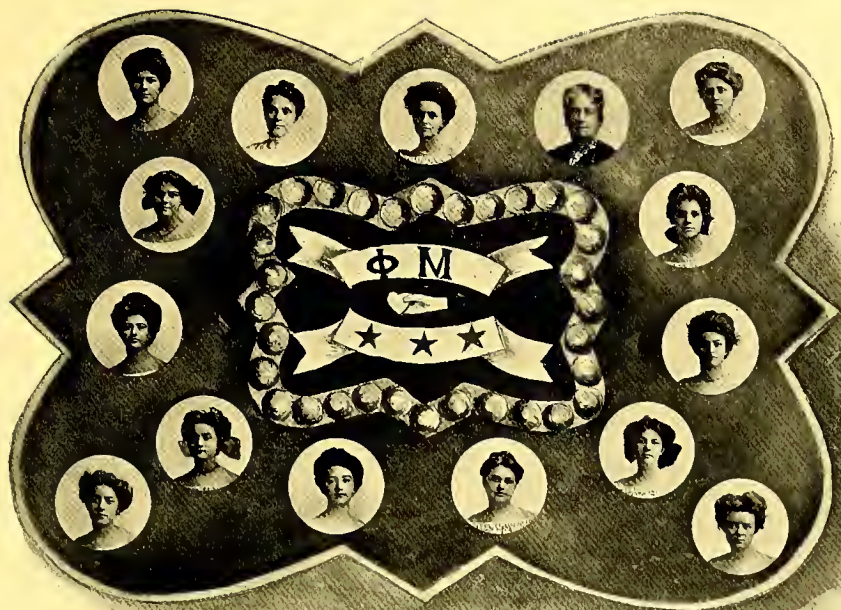
Phi Mu



F. A. WRIGHT, PHILA.









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# Phi Mu

FOUNDED AT WESLEYAN COLLEGE, 1852.

## Roll of Chapters

*Alpha*—Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.

*Beta*—Hollins Institute, Hollins, Va.

*Gamma*—Salem College, Winston-Salem, N. C.

*Delta*—Sophie Newcomb College, New Orleans, La.

*Upsilon Delta*—St. Mary's, Raleigh, N. C.

*Zeta*—Chevy Chase College, Chevy Chase, Md.

*Eta*—Hardin College, Mexico, Mo.

*Theta*—Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.

## Upsilon Delta Chapter

### Sorores in Facultate

MISS KATE MCKIMMON.

MISS MARTHA A. DOWD.

### Sorores in Academia

SERENA COBIA BAILEY.

SUSAN FORNEY BYNUM.

EMILY JORDAN CARRISON.

HALLIE JORDAN CARRISON.

MARGARET PENDLETON CATES.

LILLIAN HAUSER FARMER.

ISABELLE ATWELL HANNA.

MARY KATHARINE HENDERSON.

PHYLLIS DUDLEY HICKSON.

MARGUERITE LeCRON.

MARGARET TEMPLE.

MARGUERITE VERTNER THOMPSON.

MARY ELIZABETH WIGGINS.

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## The Little Old Lady

Can you ever forget your visits to the little old lady? The dear little old lady! You used to go very often in those old days when you were a tiny girl. Her home was not very far from yours, so you could run in almost every afternoon to see her. How glad you were when you found her at home! Usually she was in the sitting-room, her willow rocking-chair placed in the bay-window, her tall two-story work-basket at her side. For the little old lady was always busy.

How distinctly you can see her, in her quaint black dress with its basque, spreading skirt (for she still wore a hoop-skirt), and the crisp white cap that framed her dear face. The hair that peeped from under the cap was brown, for the little old lady was just a bit vain, and persisted in wearing a dark wig that she had first found becoming many years before. But the touch of vanity did not spoil her or her appearance. Hers was the sweetest old face in the world; sweet and yet roguish, too, for the mouth often broke into a smile and the twinkling eyes would join in expressing her merriment.

If you found her sewing, she would tell you wonderful stories of her far-away youth, perhaps of how when a wee girl she and her eight-year-old brother traveled from South Carolina to Connecticut alone; how they made the long journey by boat and by stage-coach. Or she would describe her great-grandmother and the various uncles and aunts with whom she had lived until her marriage. Once she told you of how she and her husband went to a play, how she was shocked at one of the actresses "carrying on" as if she were crazy and how "Mr. Frink" (the little old lady's husband) explained that the woman was only acting. The little old lady, however, did not seem convinced of her sanity, and perhaps harbored a suspicion of the wisdom of theatre-goers in general.

When the story-telling was over and the little old lady saw that you were hungry—and of course she could tell that by intuition—she would trip to the closet and get you jumbles or strawberry short-cake. For she prided herself on her cooking, and generally insisted on making the fancy dishes herself.

You did not always find her sewing or occupied with the house-work, however, for often she was reading a church paper or her little Testament; the latter usually lay in her work-basket. When you came she would put the book aside and talk to you gently but seriously of goodness and patience. Perhaps you would ask if you might go with her to church next Sunday. She was always pleased to be asked this, and on the following Sabbath would slip a few peppermint drops into her pocket in order to give them to you if the sermon was very long.

When your visit was over, she would probably go with you to the front steps and would kiss you, saying, "My dear child, you have been very good; tell your mamma so, and ask her to let you come and spend the day with us very soon." And then you would run home.

Yes, it is a long time since the little old lady last kissed you good-bye, and you, your childish heart filled with love, hugged the wee form and kissed the sweet face again and again.

SERENA COBIA BAILEY.



## Alma Mater

*Tune : "Believe me if all those endearing young charms."*

St. Mary's! wherever thy daughters may be,  
They love thy high praises to sing;  
And tell of thy beauties of campus and tree  
Around which sweet memories cling.  
They may wander afar, out of reach of thy name,  
Afar, out of sight of thy grove,  
But the thought of St. Mary's aye kindles a flame  
Of sweet recollections and love.

Beloved St. Mary's! how great is our debt!  
Thou hast cared for thy daughters full well;  
They can never thy happy instructions forget,  
Nor fail of thy virtues to tell.  
Generations to come may thy fair daughters still  
Fondly think on thy halls and thy grove  
And carry thy teachings—o'er woodland and hill—  
Of earnestness, wisdom, and love. H. E. H.

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# The Auxiliary at St. Mary's

## Woman's Branch

MISS THOMAS, President.

MISS MCKIMMON, Secretary.

MISS SUTTON, Vice-President.

MISS SMITH, Treasurer.

## Junior Branch

General Directress, . . . . . MISS MCKIMMON.

### St. Catharine's Chapter

MISS THOMAS, Directress.

LOUISE HILL, President.

MARGUERITE LECRON, Treasurer.

EMILY CARRISON, Secretary.

### St. Elizabeth's Chapter

MRS. VINCENT, Directress.

SUSAN BYNUM, President.

ALICE MUNNERLYN, Sec.-Treas.

### St. Margaret's Chapter

MISS CRIBBS, Directress.

SALLIE HAYWOOD BATTLE, President.

MABEL WILLIS, Vice-President.

MATILDA HAUGHTON, Treasurer.

BETTIE STURGEON, Secretary.

### St. Anne's Chapter

MISS SUTTON, Directress.

EVA ROGERSON, President.

BLANCHE ROBINSON, Vice-President.

MARY VANN, Treasurer.

MINNIE LEARY, Secretary.

### St. Monica's Chapter

MISS MCKIMMON, Directress.

ELIZABETH WADDILL, President.

JANIE DUBOSE, Vice-President.

LYMAN GRIMSLEY, Treasurer.

LEE BROWN, Secretary.

### St. Etheldreda's Chapter

MISS SPANN, Directress.

SARAH JONES, President.

KATHARINE HENDERSON, Vice-Pres.

GRACE WARD, Treasurer.

MARGUERITE SHORT, Secretary.





## The Altar Guild

Director, . . . . . MISS McKIMMON.

President, . . . . . EMILY CARRISON.

Treasurer, . . . . . MARY SPRUILL.

SALLIE HAYWOOD BATTLE.

SUSAN BYNUM.

EMILY CARRISON.

ELLEN DUVALL.

LILLIAN FARMER.

INEZ FRAZER.

PAULA HAZARD.

ROSA HEATH.

KATHARINE HENDERSON.

PHYLLIS HICKSON.

LOUISE HILL.

ALICE MCCULLERS.

JULIA MCINTYRE.

MARY SPRUILL.

SADIE THOMAS.

ELIZABETH WADDILL.

ELIZABETH WATTERS.

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"What are the Girlies running for?" the Simple Being cries;

"The morning roll-call bell has rung," wise Know-It-All replies.

"And don't they dress before they go?" the Simple Being cries;

"They'd rather finish on the run," wise Know-It-All replies.

"For they wouldn't miss a roll-call tho' they came ten times a day,

For that's when the L. P. lectures and the Rector speaks his say.

(They are on their good behavior, and it isn't any play),

You have still a heap to learn, dear, at St. Mary's.

"Why are the Girlies pushing so?" the Simple Being cries;

"It is a generous way they have," good Know-It-All replies.

"Then why proceed so cautiously?" the Simple Being cries;

"The L. D. doesn't quite approve," good Know-It-All replies.

"They are forming now the Chapel line and listening for the hell,

Their thoughts are all of heaven, though they make you think—oh well.

You mustn't be too hard on them that they like to go pell-mell,

You have still a heap to learn, dear, at St. Mary's.

"Why are the Girlies staring so?" the Simple Being cries;

"They long to see the Riders start," wise Know-It-All replies.

"But if they're going, why don't they go?" the Simple Being cries;

"You've asked now one too hard for me," wise Know-It-All replies.

"They are clinging to their horses, their mettle for to try;

They are showing off their horses (not themselves) you won't deny;

They're enjoying the sensation, but they'll start off hye-and-hye.

You have still a heap to learn, dear, at St. Mary's.

"Why are the Girlies weary so?" the Simple Being cries;

"The hell for walking-hour has rung," good Know-It-All replies.

"Why are they stretched upon the ground?" the Simple Being cries;

"The rain fell heavily last night," good Know-It-All replies.

"They must not be thought contrary when they show some strength of will.

There's no game at A. & M. this week, so they might as well be ill;

They could struggle to the Little Store, if you care to foot the bill.

Yes, you've still a heap to learn, dear, at St. Mary's.

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ATHLETICS



ST. MARY'S

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## Athletic Association

President, . . . . . MARGUERITE LECRON.

Vice-President, . . . . SUE BRENT PRINCE.

Secretary, . . . . . ELOISE ROBINSON.

Treasurer, . . . . MARGUERITE THOMPSON.

HELEN STRANGE, Manager of the Tennis Clubs.



## Basket Ball Teams



MAIN BUILDING II.

*Centers.*

S. GABBETT.  
M. WILLIAMS.

*Guards.*

S. BYNUM.  
M. TEMPLE.

*Forwards.*

M. BOYKIN.  
E. ROBINSON (Capt.)



## Basket Ball Teams



MAIN BUILDING III.

*Centers.*

M. PENNINGTON.  
E. ROGERSON (Capt.)

*Guards.*

M. SHUFORD.  
R. MARDRE.

*Forwards.*

I. ROGERSON.  
L. MOORE.



## Alpha Tennis Club

META CANTEY BOYKIN.

ISABEL BROGDEN.

EMILY JORDAN CARRISON.

HALLIE CARRISON.

MARGARET PENDLETON CATES.

ALICE WITHERSPOON CORBETT, *Captain*.

GEORGIA STANTON HALES.

LELA LEE JEMISON.

SARAH HAIGH JONES.

ALICE MCCULLERS.

MARGARET CORDON PENNINGTON.

DAISY EDNA SHERRILL.

MARGUERITE VERTNER THOMPSON.





## Beta Tennis Club

LILLIAN HAUSER FARMER.

ANNIE LYMAN GRIMSLEY.

JESSIE PAGE HARRIS.

ALICE HINES.

SUE BRENT PRINCE, *Captain*.

MARGUERITE ASHLEY SHORT.

HELEN STRANGE.

MARGARET TEMPLE.

SARAH PRINCE THOMAS.

BESSIE WATERS.

CARILE ROSELLE WEAVER.

MABEL WILLIS.

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## Basket Ball Teams



WEST ROCK.

*Centers.*

C. BENEDICT.  
S. BATTLE.  
D. SHERRILL.

*Guards.*

C. WEAVER.  
P. HICKSON.  
B. STURGEON (Capt.)

*Forwards.*

I. THOMPSON.  
J. TURNER.  
N. LELAND.



## Basket Ball Teams

### EAST ROCK.

#### *Centers.*

A. CORBETT.

S. PRINCE.

#### *Guards.*

M. LeCROON (Capt.)

H. STRANGE.

#### *Forwards.*

M. THOMPSON.

B. ARTHUR.





## The Sketch Club

MISS FENNER, Critic.

ROSA HEATH, . . . . . President.

ELOISE ROBINSON, . . . . Vice-President.

ELIZABETH WADDILL, Secretary-Treasurer.

COLORS: Yellow and White.

FLOWER: Daisy.

MOTTO: Art is Power.

RAINSFORD DUBOSE.

MYRTLE POWELL.

INEZ FRAZER.

ELOISE ROBINSON.

ROSA HEATH.

HENRIETTA SCHWARTZ.

JESSIE HARRIS.

ALLIE STOKES.

PATTIE LOU MOORE.

ELIZABETH WADDILL.

IRVING MORGAN.

CARILE WEAVER.

RUTH NEWBOLD.

NELL WILSON.

CORNELIA NIXON.

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# Sketch Club.









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## STRING CLUB.



### 1st Mandolin

PRINCE.  
CORBETT.

### 2nd Mandolin

COOPER.  
GILMER.

### 1st Violin

DUBOSE.

### 2nd Violin

ADICKES.

### 3rd Mandolin

POWELL.  
SCHWARTZ.

### Guitar

CHAMBERLIN.  
GWYN.  
SHORT.





THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

Director, . . . Miss CRIBBS.  
 Pre-ident, . . . SUE BRENT PRINCE.  
 Vice-President, . . . EMILY CARRISON.  
 Secretary-Treasurer, . . . HELEN STRANGE.



NELL ATKINSON.

JESSIE CHAPMAN.

BEATRICE COHEN.

ROSA HEATH.

PHYLLIS HICKSON.

ELOISE ROBINSON.

MARGUERITE THOMPSON.

NELL WILSON.



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# The Muse Club

## The Staff

SERENA COBIA BAILEY, . Editor-in-Chief.

BEATRICE BOLLMAN COHEN—Business Managers—JESSIE PAGE HARRIS.

ELIZABETH TURNER WADDILL, Secretary.

SALLIE HAYWOOD BATTLE.

GEORGIA STANTON HALES.

HELEN KATHARINE LIDDELL.

HELEN STRANGE.

LILLIAN HAUSER FARMER.

## The Club

HELEN BALL.

HEBER BIRDSONO.

EMILY CARRISON.

HALLIE CARRISON.

MARY CARRAWAY.

MINNIE DAVIS.

NATHALIE DOTTERER.

INEZ FRAZER.

ISABEL HANNA.

LEATA HARTOE.

PAULA HAZARD.

KATHARINE HENDERSON.

PHYLLIS HICKSON.

LOUISE HILL.

ALICE HINES.

MINNIE LEARY.

MARGUERITE LECRON.

RUTH NEWBOLD.

ALICE MCCULLERS.

ELOISE ROBINSON.

EVA ROGERSON.

IDA ROGERSON.

SUE PRINCE.

LULA TALIAFERRO.

MARGARET TEMPLE.

SADIE THOMAS.

MARGUERITE THOMPSON.

FRANKIE SELF.

MARY SHUFORD.

MARY SPBULL.

MARY VANN.

BESSIE WATTERS.

NELL WILSON.

ANNIE WOOD.

MR. CRUIKSHANK, Faculty Director.

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## “I, Said the Fly”

I belong to one of the oldest Fly families in this block, and my Ancestors for many generations back (even as far as a *whole* year) have lived in a Newspaper Office. I suppose that has developed my brain to an extraordinary degree and given me such a love for literature that I used to spend the whole night crawling over the newly-printed sheets of the “Morning Herald.” With such strenuous mental labor I became thin and nervous, until my wife declared we must move; the Newspaper atmosphere was too great a strain for everyday life. We were packing up the furniture in our snug little home (an empty Huyler box), when suddenly the cover was clapped on and we were in utter darkness! After what seemed an age, the cover was removed and out we buzzed to find ourselves in a new country (which we afterwards learned was the snug bachelor quarters of the young Assistant Editor).

My wife insists it was by chance we came there,—but women are so illogical! Now *my* plan of reasoning is very clear. Flies are evidently of much importance to men, and are equally admired and feared by them. For, (Number one) I have often read in our paper of Flies being a most important factor in baseball games. (Number two) Only the other day I noticed in big headlines, “Man run over and killed by a fly on 24th St.” (Of course that fly must have been a rather well-developed member of our family.) After reading that headline, I tried running as hard as I could over the bald head of my chief enemy, the City Editor. Kill him? Well, I guess not! He simply gave his head a resounding slap, which came very near putting me out of business for life. (Number three) Flies occupy a most conspicuous place in the literature of men. Why, in that epic of all ages (any cultured person will know what I mean) there is a whole verse devoted to our race, which begins,

“I, said the fly,  
With my little eye.”

After these reasons, you will admit that the Assistant Editor most probably kidnapped us on account of our importance and value—that is my opinion.

However that may be, we were very happy in our new home, and devoted the morning to exploring expeditions, and the afternoons to reading Magazines.

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But the chief event of the day was the mail. Whenever the Assistant Editor opened a letter, we two were there, ready for the news. My wife always made me begin at the head of the letter, while she began at the bottom and crawled up. Woman's curiosity is noted, and of course she always flew first to the "P. S." We soon became well acquainted with all the Editor's correspondents, especially one who signed herself Alice. Her "P. S.'s" were sometimes pages long, and the Editor would often read her letters five times over, without stopping—which I must admit provoked me, as I was anxious to see the more important news). My wife would crawl over the lines as often as he read them, and once she said, if she had ever wanted to send me any love letters, she would have written just what Alice did.

One day an awful thing happened. The letter came, and I had hardly time to light on the top of the page when my wife flew up to me. "What can be the matter? There is no P. S., not a sign of one!" Together we crawled over those few short lines.

"You need not trouble yourself to call to-morrow. I am sending back your ring by the next mail." "They have had a misunderstanding," my wife whispered to me. "And they must make up!" Are not all women born match-makers?

The Editor sat gazing into the fire, rigidly upright in his chair. Suddenly the gleaming flame reflected on the charm of his watch fob caught his eye. He opened the tiny locket and looked into the smiling eyes of the picture inside. "By Jove, she can't mean all that! I must see her myself." And he struggled into his great coat. My wife looked at me with a glance that meant, "Go with him, and report to me all that happens," and without a murmur I lit on his shoulder.

I had often ridden there before, but never for so long a distance. Finally, we went up some stairs and rang a bell. The servant who answered the door was evidently used to seeing the Editor, and ushered him into the sitting-room without a word. There before the fire, her face hidden in her hands, sat a young girl. She looked up when she heard us coming, and the sudden joy in her sweet brown eyes made even my fly heart beat the faster. "Douglas," she cried.

And then being a well-trained and gentlemanly fly, I deliberately turned my back on them (though I was dying to look) and pretended that my sole desire in life was to crawl over the wall-paper. After a long, long time I decided I could with perfect propriety resume my favorite seat on the Editor's shoulder. I buzzed over to where they sat, but I was too late—the Editor's shoulder was otherwise occupied!

MARGARET ROSALIE DUBOSE.



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## State Clubs

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,  
Old times dar am not forgotten,  
Look away! Look away! Look away down South in Dixie!  
In Dixie land wbar I was born in,  
Early on one frosty mornin',  
Look away! Look away! Look away down South in Dixie!

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!  
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,  
To lib an die in Dixie!  
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!

FLORIDA.

GEORGIA.

MARYLAND.

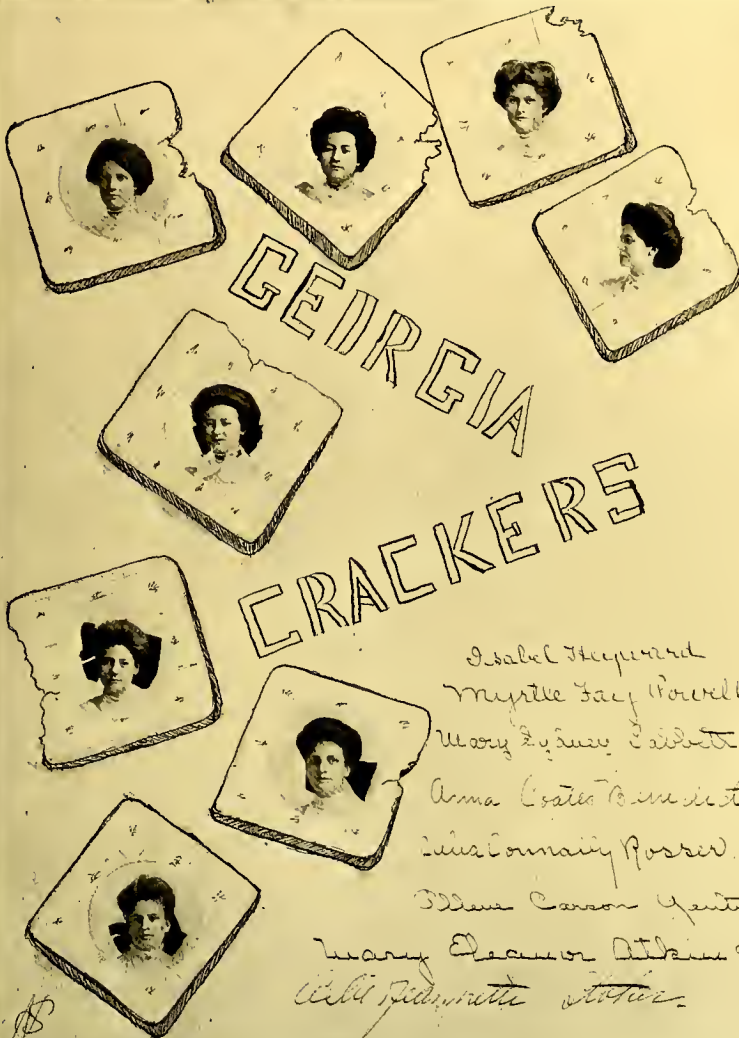
SOUTH CAROLINA.

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,  
Maryland!  
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,  
Maryland!  
Remember Carroll's sacred trust;  
Remember Howard's warlike thrust;  
And all thy Slumberers with the Just,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

Here's to the State of palmettoes;  
Here's to the State that vanquished foes;  
Here's to the State of valiant sons,  
Here's to her women, the noblest ones;  
Here's to the grandest State on earth—  
South Carolina!

Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!  
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her;  
Though the scorner may sneer at and wittings defame her,  
Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Old North State forever!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good Old North State!



# GEORGIA CRACKERS

Isabel Heyward  
 Myrtle Fay Powell  
 Mary Louise Caldwell  
 Anna Carter Bennett  
 Miss Cora May Foster  
 Edna Carson Gentry  
 Mary Eleanor Atkins  
 Miss Fidelity Stokes

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## The South Carolina Club

COLORS: Blue and White.

EMBLEM: The Palmetto.

MOTTO: Dum spiro spero.

EMILY JORDAN CARRISON, President, . . . . . Camden.

ALICE WITHERSPOON CORBETT, Vice-President, . . Camden.

LILLIAN HAUSER FARMER, Secretary-Treasurer, . Florence.

BESSIE ARTHUR, Union.

META BOYKIN, Boykin.

SARA BOYKIN, Boykin.

HALLIE CARRISON, Camden.

BEATRICE COHEN, Florence.

JANE DUBOSE, Columbia.

MARGARET DUBOSE.

ELLEN DUVALL, Cheraw.

CHRISTINE FRAZIER, Ninety-Six.

INEZ FRAZER, Charleston.

PAULA HAZARD, Georgetown.

PHYLLIS HICKSON, Cheraw.

GLADYS HUFF, Laurens.

JESSIE JENNINGS, Florence.

NORMAN LELAND, Great Falls.

JULIA MCINTYRE, Mullins.

HAZLE MIDDLETON, Charleston.

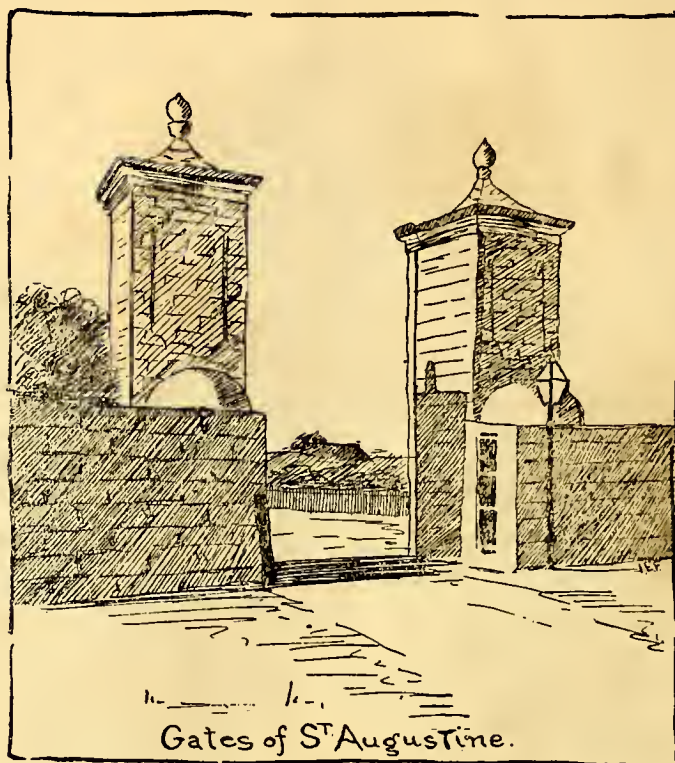
IRVING MORGAN, Charleston.

ELIZABETH WADDILL, Cheraw.

ANNIE WELLS, Columbia.

MARY WELLS, Columbia.

MISS ELEANOR W. THOMAS, Columbia.



## The Florida Club

COLORS: Orange and Green.

FLOWER: Orange Blossom.

MOTTO: In God We Trust.

President, SERENA COBIA BAILEY. Secretary-Treasurer, MARY LOUISE HOKE.

### Members

MARTHA HAWKINS BAILEY, Micanopy.

SERENA COBIA BAILEY, Palatka.

FLORENCE MARIE BECKWITH, Jacksonville.

MARY WELFORD GWYNN, Tallahassee.

MARY LOUISE HOKE, Jensen.

ALICE MUNNERLYN, Jacksonville.

JANE HILDEBRAND STILLMAN, Jacksonville.

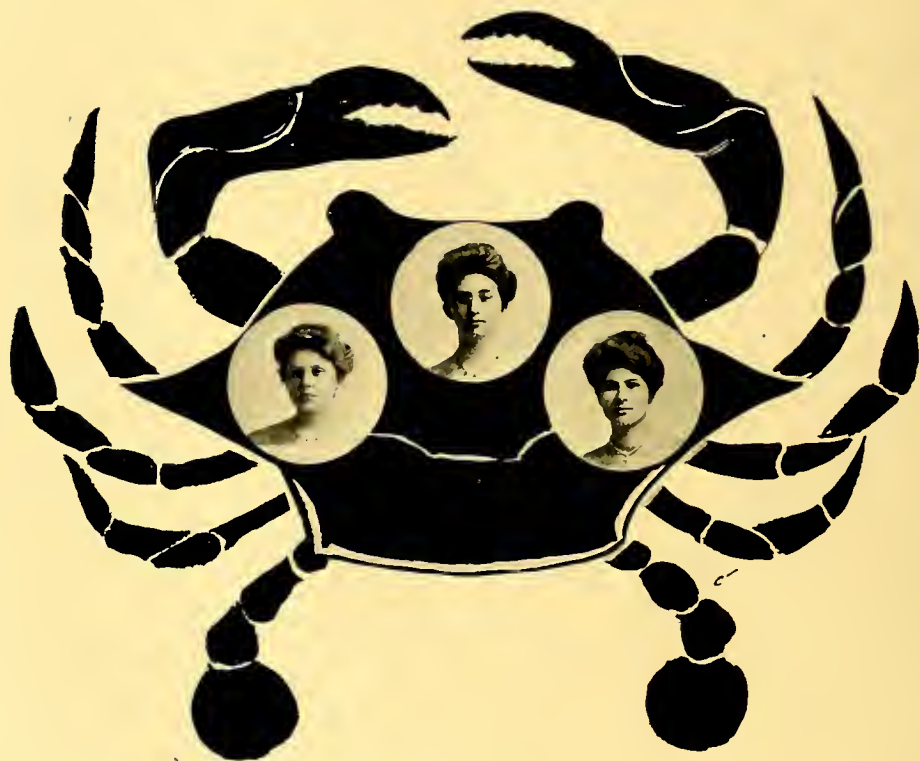
ELIZABETH JORDAN WATTERS, Jacksonville.

MARGARET ROBINSON WILLIAMS, Jacksonville.





# YE CRAB CLUB.



## Maryland

I. HANNA.

M. LeCROn.

M. THOMPSON.

Honorary Member, . . MR. CRUIKSHANK.



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## Among Ourselves



### Way-Marks in the Passing of the Year.

- Sept. 20, 1906.....Advent Term formally opened. Address by Rev. S. L. Bost.  
Oct. 18. Wednesday.....State Fair Day.  
Oct. 19. Thursday.....Madame Nordica Concert. Auditorium of the School for the Blind.  
Oct. 27. Saturday.....Sigma Lambda Reception.  
Oct. 31. Wednesday.....Hallowe'en.  
Nov. 1. Thursday.....All Saints. Founders' Day.  
Nov. 3. Saturday.....St. Anne's Flower Tea.  
Nov. 10. Saturday.....Ben Greet Co. in "Everyman." Opera House.  
Nov. 24. Saturday.....St. Etheldreda's: "Who's to Inherit?"  
Nov. 26. Monday.....First Faculty Concert.  
Nov. 28. Wednesday.....Epsilon Alpha Pi Reception.  
Nov. 29. Thursday.....Thanksgiving Day. Basket-ball: East vs. Main.  
Dec. 8. Saturday.....St. Elizabeth's: "For Love or Money."  
Dec. 15. Saturday.....St. Catharine's: "Alice in Wonderland."  
Dec. 19. Wednesday.....Inter-society Meeting. "McIver Memorial." Muse Club. Christmas Celebration and Reception.  
Dec. 20 to Jan. 4....Christmas Holidays.  
Jan. 6. Sunday.....Epiphany. Dedication of the Saunders Memorial Window.  
Jan. 12. Saturday.....St. Margaret's Chapter in "A Night in Bohemia."  
Jan. 18-23.....Mid-term Examinations.  
Jan. 19. Friday.....Robert E. Lee Centenary. Inter-society Celebration.  
Jan. 26. Saturday.....Muse Club. Japanese Tea.  
Feb. 2. Saturday.....Juniors' Reception to Seniors.  
Feb. 7. Thursday.....Faculty Musicales Complimentary to Legislature, Governor, and State Officers.  
Feb. 8. Friday.....First Pupil Recital.  
Feb. 9. Saturday.....Muse Club in "Cupid in Shirt Sleeves."  
Feb. 13. ....Ash Wednesday. Lent begins.  
Feb. 13 to March 30....Lent.  
Lent Services, Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, at 5:30.  
Confirmation Lectures, Sundays, 6:45.  
Feb. 20. Wednesday....Special Meeting of Trustees to elect a Rector.  
Feb. 22. Friday.....Washington's Birthday. Inter-society Celebration.  
Feb. 27. Wednesday....Longfellow Centenary. Inter-society Celebration.  
March 1. Friday.....Second Pupils' Recital.  
March 29. ....Good Friday. Holy Day. Three-Hour Service.
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March 24. Sunday.....Palm Sunday. Bishop's Visit for Confirmation.  
 March 31. ....Easter Day.  
 April 1. Monday.....Senior Reception. Misses Cohen and Hill.  
 April 13. Saturday.....St. Etheldreda's and St. Elizabeth's Chapters: A Country Fair.  
 April 24. Wednesday....Dress Parade, A. & M. Battalion in the Grove.  
 April 24. Wednesday....Inter-society Debate. Sigma Lambda vs. E. A. P.  
 April 27. Saturday.....Muse Club: "A West Point Regulation."  
 April 26. Friday.....Chamber Concert. Misses Hull and Pixley and Dr. Summey.  
 May 1, 2, 3.....May Music Festival.  
 May 11. Saturday.....Dramatic Club in "A Lunch in the Suburbs."  
 May 18. Saturday.....Annual Concert of the String Club.  
 May 22. Wednesday....Orchestra Recital.  
 May 23-28.....Final Examinations.  
 May 28 to 31.....Commencement.  
 May 28. Tuesday—  
     8 p. m. ....Recital. Expression Dept. in "Midsummer Night's Dream."  
 May 29. Wednesday—  
     11:30 a. m. .Class Day Exercises.  
     4:00 p. m. .Annual Meeting Trustees.  
     4:30 p. m. .Annual Meeting Alumnae.  
     8:00 p. m. .Dedication of the Eliza Battle Pittman Memorial Building.  
             Address: Hon. R. B. Glenn, Governor of North Carolina.  
             Address: Rt. Rev. Kinloch Nelson, Bishop of Georgia.  
 May 30. Thursday—  
     11:00 a. m. .Consecration of the Chapel.  
         Commencement Sermon: Rt. Rev. T. D. Bratton, Bishop of Mississippi.  
     5:00-6:30 p. m. .Commencement Reception.  
         Annual Exhibit of the Art Department.  
     8:30 p. m. .Annual Concert.  
 May 31. Friday—  
     10:30 a. m. .Graduating Exercises.  
         Class Exercises in the Auditorium.  
         Final Exercises in the Chapel.  
 May 31. Friday.....Sixty-fifth Session ends.

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# The "Statistic Pictures," 1907



SUE BRENT PRINCE.

"Most popular."  
"Most attractive."  
"Best dancer."



NELL ATKINSON.  
"Most Coquettish."



SERENA BAILEY.  
"Prettiest."  
"Most Energetic."

## The "Statistic Pictures," 1907



HELEN STRANGE.  
"Jolliest."



ROSA HEATH.  
"Handsomeest."



LILLIAN FARMER.  
"Cutest."



MARGUERITE LECRON.  
"Most athletic."

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## Calendar



Old Father Time sat making up his books,  
Anon he scratched and shook his hoary head,  
Anon he murmured, "Dear, oh dear, oh dear,  
I have the record of St. Mary's Year  
To write, of all that there they did or said."

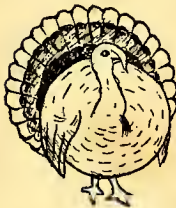
So straight he called to him his messengers,  
Who for a while each at St. Mary's stayed,  
And sought to know of all that there hefell,  
And later this to Father Time to tell,  
When all the yearly record books he made.

"September"—Here a youth with chestnut curls  
And ruddy cheeks, and eyes of hazy blue,  
Came forward, and in accents crisp and clear,  
He said, "Oh, Father Time, you'll think, I fear,  
I've not performed the task I had from you.

"But long I stayed not in St. Mary's Grove,  
And what I saw was much as other years,  
Of maids who old acquaintances renew,  
And make a-many a new acquaintance, too;  
Or many a home-sick maid in bitter tears."

Then came October, clad in russet cloak,  
A pleasant twinkle in his eyes of gray,  
Like whistle of a merry wind, his voice,  
Which makes the hearts of those who hear rejoice  
And all crowd near to hear what he will say:

"A merry tale I bring you, Father Time,  
Of ladies fair and lords of courtly grace,  
Of gallant knights, of Emperors and clowns,  
Of dreadful beasts, of elves and priestly gowns,  
Who on 'All Hallowe'en there had their place."



November next appeared before Old Time,  
Wearing the richest garments of the year,  
A spacious hasket held he in each hand,  
Filled with the harvest fruits from every land,  
And when he spoke his voice was sweet and clear:

"St. Mary's was in autumn glories dressed  
When I within her portals made my way,  
Her daughters greeted me with keen delight,  
Their words, their faces and their hearts were bright  
Because I brought them glad Thanksgiving Day."



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December, in his ermine cloak of snow,  
A holly wreath upon his frosty hair,  
His scepter of the greenest mistletoe—  
For he is king of all the year, you know—  
Came singing carols free from every care.

"I brought the Christmas season when I came,  
And filled St. Mary's full of joy and mirth;  
I covered all the Grove with whitest snow,  
And soon the maidens glad did homeward go  
To keep the time of peace, good will on earth."



## JANUARY



Next cold and frozen January came,  
And held his shaking fingers to the fire,  
His sparkling eyes like icicles did shine,  
And he in voice of wintry winds did whine  
A doleful tale unto the worthy sire:

"A woeful time I at St. Mary's found,  
No sign there was of joy or recreation,  
The saddest time, I think, of all the year,  
So filled it was with many a sigh and tear,  
And all from one sad cause—examination."

Then solemn, thoughtful February came,  
His steps were slow and low he hent his head,  
The silence of midwinter filled the room  
And over all was cast a spell of gloom,  
While every one did listen, as he said:

"I found St. Mary's sadder than her wont,  
And thoughtful seemed her maidens as they went  
Each afternoon to prayer with footsteps slow,  
With humble hearts, and reverent voices low—  
For I was at St. Mary's during Lent."



But in rushed March ere February ceased.  
He held a tiny crocus in one hand,  
His heavy locks were tossed about his face,  
And swift he hurried in to take his place,  
And thus began to answer Time's demand:

"I took St. Mary's just a glimpse of Spring,  
'Old winter's past; now up and out,' I cried;  
I told them of the coming of sweet May,  
And spurred them on to mood more lithe  
and gay  
To greet the coming of the Easter-tide."



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Then laughing April tripped into the room,  
But soon her laughter turned to woeful cries,  
She took her place before good Father Time,  
Mid tears and smiles, and all in pretty rhyme,  
Began a tale of maidens, ah so wise:

"Oh, Father, had you seen those maidens there,  
Studying from early morn till midnight late,  
Lost in the pages of some monstrous books,  
Their faces bearing wise and knowing looks,  
You'd wondered what the cause; 'twas The Debate."



The last of all to come was Baby May,  
Dressed in a dainty cloudlet, fleecy white,  
Her eyes were of the deepest, freshest blue,  
Her cheeks had caught the sunset's latest hue,  
She lisped her tale in innocent delight.

"Oh, everything was happy as could be,  
Maids all in white were seated in a row,  
They tried to look so dignified and grave,  
And did their very utmost to behave,  
Till their diplomas had, then home did go."

And when they all had done, old Father Time  
Most heartily did thank these servants good,  
For going to St. Mary's, one and all,  
And telling him of all that did befall,  
In just the very best way that they could.

And he did straightway write their sayings down,  
So if you don't believe my tale is true,  
Why then, if you at Father Time's big hook,  
Will pause a moment, and will take a look,  
You'll find there just what I've been telling you.

HELEN KATHARINE LIDDELL.



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## A Visit to East Rock

FILLED once with a longing to visit again the scenes of my earthly habitation, I sought for, and was granted, the privilege often accorded to those who have thrown off the robes of mortality, to visit again the scenes of my mortal existence "for one hour of human life." . . . That must mean not one hour as we spirits count it, which may be eternity and would give time enough to review all the vicissitudes of a mortal life, but an hour as humans count it, with all its earthly limitations. Then, since I had but one such hour to spend, I must change my plans and spend that hour among the scenes of greatest happiness, where the happiest, most careless, free, and irresponsible days were spent; free from the thoughtless pleasures or intense sufferings of childhood, or the greater joys but deeper sorrows of later life. . . . This must surely be the school days, and with the thought, I stood upon the threshold of dear old St. Mary's.

Dear old St. Mary's! had I been human, my heart would have glowed at the sight, though it was night upon earth. What should I visit first—the dormitories, Art Building, Rectory, Chapel? Even the Infirmary held a charm, but wait—"one hour of human life"—that would scarcely be time for one building, so I must choose quickly. Then my own East Rock.

So I climbed with all the lightheartedness of my earthly youth the familiar East Rock stairs, and a longing filled me to know what manner of mortals now dwelt within those dear familiar rooms. The inhabitants of East Rock were wrapped in slumbers. How could I tell what manner of mortals they were? As I wondered, a phrase well known in olden time came to my mind—"To sleep, perhaps to dream"—ah, yes, to spirits is granted the power to see the thoughts of mortals. I would look into the dear girls' dreams.

Therewith I passed into the room which I knew must be marked "Hall Mother." "Hall Mother," however, must have been done away with at St. Mary's, for within was a girl, and looking into her dream I saw—a large, beautiful Basket Ball, quarreling with an equally large and beautiful Tennis Racquet as to which was president of the "Athletic Association." I smiled as I remembered former St. Mary's Athletic Associations, and passed out into the room marked "J. Gilmer and E. Campbell."

A tall, handsome girl, which by spiritual instinct I knew for Campbell, smiled as she dreamed of five hundred and fifty "A.-and-M.'ers" (how familiar it sounds) at her feet in open adoration. "Happy girl," I murmured, and turned toward Gilmer, whose dream was filled with a tall, dark woman seated at a piano. . . . I then passed on to the next room, labelled "Henderson and Bailey." I gazed at the calm, serene face which I knew must be Bailey's and was surprised to find how troubled the dreams were. "The Muse"—where had I heard that name before? Why, on earth, of course. She worked, toiled, labored, and produced a *good* MUSE by the tenth of the month, but could never get it out before the twenty-fifth. "My sympathy, my dear," I whispered, for I, too, had struggled with THE MUSE. . . . My gaze then turned to Henderson, a chubby little woman who also was having troubled dreams. Her *pet hair-brush*

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# ETYB



MOTTO - WE LIVE TO EAT, NOT EAT TO LIVE  
PASS WORD - KEEP IT DARK!

ROSA HEATH  
GRACE WARD  
LULA TALIAFERRO  
SADIE THOMAS

MARGARET TEMPLE  
ALICE MUNNERYLYN  
BETTY STURGEON  
ELOISE ROBINSON

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was lying where the whole school, one girl after another, passed, picked it up, *used* it, and passed on, while she looked on in agony, powerless to say or do anything. "Poor Kiddy," I murmured, and slipped into the room of "Corbett and Arthur."

What was the matter in East Rock? It was certainly filled with troubled sleepers. The quiet, peaceful little word "dream" would hardly apply to Corbett, who fancied herself rushing madly up and down the hall, wringing her hands and crying, "Has anybody seen anything of a piece of music called 'Old Folks at Home'?" . . . I turned to the Arthur child, who was smiling in her sleep, as well she might, for she dreamed of a soft, sweet, soothing serenade. A. & M.'s musical ability must have greatly improved since my days on earth. . . .

Now the corner room. How we all fought to get that room! I glanced at the door: "Jones, Short, Wells," and passed inside. I looked at Jones first, who may well be described by the earthly word "plump." What a dream! She was standing before a long mirror, and the image reflected in it was of a tall, sylph-like creature—yea, more than sylph-like, *actually thin*. . . . I hurried on to Short, for I realized my time was passing, and as I glanced at her dream I saw a large audience listening breathless to a wonderful prima donna. . . . As I moved to Wells, a faint odor of violets came to me. Such a dream! The room filled so full of Parma violets that there was just room enough for her in it. She smiled, and I saw that a "familiar strain from Lohengrin" was passing through her mind.

But I must hurry, and I quickly passed to the next room. "Hales, Jemison, Hines." Poor Hales, she dreamed that the power of speech was to be taken from her in two minutes, and that she was trying to say the greatest number of words possible in that time. . . . Jemison dreamed of a large, luxurious bath-tub filled with steaming-hot water, which was her's for eternity. . . . Hines, dear child, was sleeping so peacefully that not even a dream disturbed her slumbers.

The next room was "Watters and Liddell." Here, indeed, was a tragedy in a dream; for Watters dreamed that her shirt-waists were tearing to the laundry and she was rushing after them to save them, was herself caught in the machinery and rent in pieces. I shuddered, but could not help smiling. . . . Liddell was dreaming that she was *on time* to something, and this seemed to startle her so that I saw she was in danger of waking up, and I slipped hurriedly into the quarters of "Strange and Prince."

Again I met happy dreamers, for though 'twas Strange, she dreamed *she* had won the Inter-Society Debate and stood alone, victorious. Inter-Society Debate, again a pang of remembrance. . . . I did not have time to investigate the dreams of Prince, for as I turned she murmured, "You know that's punk." I agreed, and as my time had dwindled to almost nothing, I hastened to the last room of "Ward and Wood." . . . My last pang of earthly remembrances came to me when I saw the troubled face of Ward, who thought she was trying to collect Chapter dues, which though "only five cents," no one would pay; and the happy expression of Wood, who dreamed she was at home.

My time was up, and there came over me a terribly real feeling that the bell was going to ring. . . . I slipped down East Rock stairs and vanished from the earth.

H. K. L.

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I.

It is Miss Pool, in a light-green waist,  
And she stoppeth one of three.  
"With thy short-sleeved dress, and thy low thin shoes,  
Now come along with me."

II.

"The school-room doors are opened wide,  
And they soon will close up fast;  
Miss Katie dislikes us to come in late  
After the time is past."

III.

She held her with her stony gaze—  
The little prep. stood still,  
And listened like a three-years child;  
Miss 'Liza had her will.

IV.

"There was a little boy," quoth she,  
"Who thinly clad, grew chill,  
"Until when winter's hlast hlew strong,  
"The little boy fell ill.

V.

"Now where then are thy warm, thick clothes?  
"Thy father I will write  
"To send me money to buy you some,  
"Before next Wednesday night.

VI.

"If on that waist again this week  
"My practised eye should light,  
"You may be sure, your dancing hours,  
"You'll spend with me at night.

VII.

"Now go, my child, and mind my words."  
The little prep. went on;  
A sadder and a wiser girl,  
She dressed the morrow morn.

SADIE THOMAS.





PASSWORD: "Let the wide world wag as it will."

### **Merry Members**

Chief Talker, . . . . MANIE LEAKE PARSONS.

Chief Monkey, . . . . . CORINNE GREGORY.

Chief Giggler, . . . . . PATTIE WALL.

Chief Cook and Bottle-washer, . JESSIE HARRIS.





# H.S.

PASS-WORD: Starvation.

COLORS: { Chocolate Brown.  
          { Olive Green.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP:

Ability to eat anything we make, to make anything out of nothing, and hoodoo anybody into giving us food.



This is to certify that we  
the undersigned have  
fulfilled all these  
requirements.

Marguerite Ashley Short

Helena Strange

Sara Haight Jones

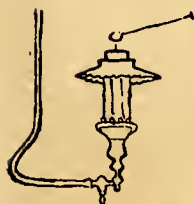
Annie Corbett Wells

Alice Witherspoon Corbett

Sue Brent Prince

# F.C.F.C.

BEFORE.



"Chocolate" Garrison (Peters)  
"Chicken" Farmer (Fried)  
"Biscuit" Hanna (Maryland)  
"Butter" Hill (Peanut)  
"Pickle" LeCron (Penny)  
"Olive" Thompson (Stuffed)  
"Duck" Waddell (Wild)  
"Egg" Wilson (Deviled)



Time of meeting—"When the Cowbell rings"

AFTER.







SUSAN FORNEY BYNUM.  
MARGUERITE VERTNER THOMPSON. MARGUERITE LECRON.  
MARY WIGGINS. MARGARET TEMPLE.



The trick of singularity.—*M. Vann.*

... hath planted in her memory  
An army of good words. . . .—*K. Henderson.*

I thank you for your voices, thank you—  
Your most sweet voices.—*Miss Cribbs' Dormitory.*

Seldom he smiles and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,  
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.—*M. Vann.*

But I am constant as the northern star.—*I. Frazer.*

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not.—*M. Ferebee and C. Weaver.*

Her life was gentle . . . —*Alice Munnerlyn.*

If we should fail, we fail.  
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail.—*E. Rogerson.*

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I must become a borrower of the night,  
For a dark hour, or twain.—*The Frats.*

I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.—*P. Hazard.*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot.—*Miss DuBose.*

One hurried kiss—one last, one long embrace—  
One yearning look upon her tender face.

*The Senior on Commencement Day.*

Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,  
And, ever and anon, with rosy red,  
The bashful blush her snowy cheek did dye.—*Isabel Heyward.*

Sleep, baby, sleep.—*J. McIntyre.*

Hie! hie! the girls do cry,  
"The Chicken" has grown more hair,  
Ret Ruff has willed the "Mule" a new wig,  
And now on the hall there 're a pair.—*L. Farmer and E. Carrison.*

SIGN ON MISS THOMAS' DOOR:

EVERY NIGHT.

Taken from 9 to 9:30.

B. COHEN.

Taken from 9:30 to 10.

M. SPRULL.

Taken from 10 to 10:30.

E. CARRISON.

Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye.—*M. Cates.*

Above, below, in ocean and in sky,  
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie.—*R. Newbold.*

She would not, with a peremptory tone,  
Assert the nose upon her face her own.—*G. Huff.*

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—*M. Boykin.*

I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man.—*M. Koiner.*

True as the needle to the pole,  
Or as the dial to the sun.—*Mary Virginia to (?)*

In maiden meditation, fancy free.—*L. Hill.*

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling.—*S. Bailey.*

I am the very pink of courtesy.—*Elizabeth Waddill.*

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COATES BENEDICT.  
ISABEL HEYWARD.

MYRTLE POWELL.  
MABEL WILLIS.

# T.S.R.G.



MOTTO: Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we diet.

DAY: Every day.

OBJECT: A rattling good time.

COLORS: Salmon Pink and Orange.

EMBLEM: Cauliflower.



FLORENCE M. BECKWITH.

KATHARINE HENBERSON.

META C. BOYKIN.

JANE HILDEBRAND STILLMAN.

HALLIE J. CARRISON.

MARGARET R. WILLIA.

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Time laborately thrown away.—*I. Brogden.*

She needs no eulogy, she speaks for herself.—*G. Hales.*

Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony,  
But organically I am incapable of a tune.—*N. Wilson.*

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,  
Keep probability in view.—*M. Thompson.*

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard her complain,  
You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again.—*H. Strange.*

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er hooks consumed the midnight oil?—*M. Gwynn.*

Procrastination is the thief of time.—*Miss Pool.*

Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream.—*A. Corbett.*

I have found you an argument, I am not obliged to find you an understanding.—*H. Liddell.*

Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked of children.—*L. Farmer.*

O hour of all hours, most bless'd upon earth,  
Blessed hour of our feasts.—*The Clubs.*

As sweet and musical,  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair.—*Miss Dowd.*

A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day.—*Mr. Stone.*

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.—*A. Moore.*

Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman. . . .—*M. Eberhardt.*

For I am nothing if not critical.—*P. Hickson.*

She was a wight—if ever such wight were.—*E. Rembert.*

And learn the luxury of doing good.—*Miss Spann.*

She bore herself so gently that the lily on the stalk hends not so easily its dewy head.—

She was knowing in all needle-work.—*N. Atkinson.*  
*R. Shields.*

Mix'd wisdom with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth.—*M. Shuford.*

For none more likes to hear herself converse.—*S. Thomas.*

Nor less was she in heart affected,  
But that she masked it with modesty.—*M. Pennington.*

Manners all graceful.—*D. Sherrill.*

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There was going to be a fine hall-game  
That we all were "just crazy" to see,  
It was sure to be very exciting  
Which appealed much to people like me.

So we went and "conferred with the Rector,"  
He looked at the "list" that we had  
And said, "Daughters, you must get a teacher;  
I've the laundry to fix. It's too bad."

We then went and begged Mr. Cruikshank.  
He said, "How can I go with you?  
I've not sent the MUSE to the press yet,  
And I've alumnae business to do."

Then next we attacked poor Miss Fenner;  
"Won't you chaperone us to the game?"  
She replied: "Look out, I'm on the war-path.  
Go away, Bahes, as quick as you came."

Mr. Stone said that he'd gladly take us,  
If 'twas not that an old college chum  
And a lot of his numerous colleagues  
Had to see him, so he could not come.

Miss Smith and Miss Thomas were weary  
From helping along the debate.  
Miss Pool had to see girls for "skipping,"  
When she'd get through, it would be too late.

Misses Pixley and Hull had to practice  
For a concert that they were to give.  
Mrs. Turner, we would not impose on  
For without her we never could live.

When we asked her, Miss Spann replied to us:  
"With no vacant time am I hlest;  
Mrs. Irvine is going out calling,  
And I'm going to help her get dressed."

Miss Walton had too many patients.  
Miss Sutton was husy with mail.  
Miss Lee and Miss Katie laughed at us.  
So we really began to grow pale.

To Miss Crihhs with our plea we resorted,  
How we begged and implored her to go.  
She was sorry that she had already  
An engagement to go with a heau.

Then we went to our most youthful teacher,  
At last some one favored our plea,  
Miss DuBose said that she'd gladly take us.  
We rushed and got ready with glee.

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THE MUSE'S SPONSORS IN THEIR LAIR.

## The 1907 Board

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We present to you our compliments  
And bid you now adieu,  
Hoping that you've found some pleasure in what 's here ;  
May th' array of well-known places  
And of dear, familiar faces  
Oft recall the happy mem'ries of the year.

You 'll be thinking of St. Mary's  
As you wander through the Muse ;  
Let regard for Alma Mater be strengthened as you look :  
If a glance here, now or later,  
Makes your love for her the greater,  
Then you've gotten at the spirit of our book.

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